

## "Them Was the Happy Days!"

By Clare Victor Dwiglins

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## The New Plays

'An Old New Yorker'  
a Farewell Message  
to New New York.

BY CHARLES DARNTON.

There are no old New Yorkers left in this busy market place they ought to step up and sing "Tom" Wise on the back for the good work he is doing to keep "An Old New Yorker" alive.

After taking off his coat and helping Harrison Rhodes write the play, Mr. Wise has found an old frock coat that he can button with perfect confidence in its staying qualities, and thus arrayed he stands as a monument of reproach to the business skyscraper of to-day. As Samuel Beekman of the shipping firm of Beekman & Corlies, he is so old-fashioned that he says to his aged clerk, "How is your granddaughter this morning, Gibson?" What more need be said to indicate the slow, easy-going character of the play?

The truth is that the play is too easy-going to "get there." Its dramatic weakness lies in the fact that there is no real clash between old Beekman and young Corlies, between old and new business methods. Instead of fighting with all the "gins" that he is supposed to lack, Beekman buys the interest that the son of his former partner holds in the firm at a figure that practically ruins him, and then lives in the old house downtown on "19th port" and corned beef and cabbage that his sister provides when the price of chicken gets beyond her reach.

If it has ever been your good fortune to know an old New Yorker family, you can appreciate the fine, gentle quality of the gray-haired sister, Elizabeth Beekman, for Miss Gertrude Whitty makes this character as genuine as an old mahogany, like the furniture, her performance is kept in the background, but it means a great deal to the play. You must use your own spotlight to discover Miss Whitty, who seems to play her part over her head.

Mr. Wise's shoulder. Don't take this to mean that Mr. Wise outdoes himself, for he doesn't. He keeps well within the character of Beekman and gives it real sincerity and mellowness. Instead of being a comedian, he reminds you that he is an actor capable of doing good, earnest work.

I've neglected to say that "An Old New Yorker" has found a fitting home at Daly's, where "atmosphere" still lingers in spite of the gay, young plays that have had their fling there of late years. In the present performance the younger generation is represented by William Roell, who is the junior member of the firm of Beekman & Corlies. He makes a generally good performance by emphasizing the bass note in his voice—a fault common to young actors—and by planting his feet too firmly in every step he takes across the stage. The young women who figure in the proceedings, Blanche Yurka, Lola May, Frances McLeod and Mary Hopkins, are wholly conventional, but Miss Esther Banks and Miss Little Ford seem part of the past as maiden twin sisters who save the day with their chuckle when Beekman gets down to business again.

There's nothing very exciting about this, as you may imagine, and unless old New Yorkers come to the theatre the play is not likely to live long. At this critical moment "An Old New Yorker" seems like a farewell message to new New York. You take it as you would a glass of old sherry. And there's very little call for sherry on Broadway.

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## Caught With the Goods

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## The Phantom of the Opera

By Gaston Leroux

Author of "The Mystery of the Yellow Room," etc.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Raoul de Chagny and his lover, Christine Daae, a beautiful young girl, are in the Paris Opera House, where Christine sings in the chorus. The two are in love, and Christine is the only one who knows the secret of Raoul's identity. The two are in love, and Christine is the only one who knows the secret of Raoul's identity. The two are in love, and Christine is the only one who knows the secret of Raoul's identity.

CHAPTER XIX.  
The Persian Again.

Raoul now remembered that his brother had once shown him that mysterious person, of whom nothing was known except that he was a Persian and that he lived in a little old-fashioned flat in the Rue de Rivoli.

The man with the ebony skin, the eyes of jade and the astrakhan cap bent over Raoul.

"I hope, M. de Chagny," he said, "that you have not betrayed Erik's secret."

"And why should I betray to betray that monster, Erik?" Raoul replied haughtily, trying to shake off the intruder. "Is he your friend by any chance?"

"I hope you said nothing about Erik, sir, because Erik's secret is also Christine Daae's and to talk about one is to talk about the other."

"You are," said Raoul, becoming more and more impatient, "you seem to know about many things that interest me, and yet I have no time to listen to you."

"Once more, M. de Chagny, where are you going so fast?"

"Can not you guess? To Christine Daae's apartment."

"Then, sir, stay here for Christine Daae is here!"

"With Erik?"

"With Erik?"

"How do you know?"

"I was at the performance and no one in the world but Erik could contrive an abduction like that!"

"Oh," he said, with a deep sigh, "I recognized the monster's touch!"

"You know him, then?"

"The Persian did not reply, but heaved a fresh sigh."

"Sir," said Raoul, "I do not know what your intentions are, but can you do anything to help me? I mean, to help Christine Daae?"

"I think so, M. de Chagny, and that is why I spoke to you."

"Try to take you to her . . . and to him."

"If you can do me that service, sir, my life's yours! . . . One word more: the commissary of police tells me that Christine Daae has been carried off by my brother, Count Philippe."

"Oh, M. de Chagny, I don't believe a word of it!"

"It's not possible, is it?"

"I don't know if it is possible or not; but there are ways and ways of carrying people off; and M. le Comte Philippe has never, as far as I know, had anything to do with witchcraft."

"Your arguments are convincing, sir, and I am a fool! . . . Oh, let us haste! I place myself entirely in your hands! . . . How should I not believe you, when you are the only one to believe me! . . . When you are the only one not to smile when Erik's name is mentioned!"

And the young man impulsively seized the Persian's hands. They were ice-cold.

"Silence!" said the Persian, stopping and listening to the distant sounds of the theatre.

"We must not mention that name here. Let us say 'he' and 'him'; then there will be less danger of attracting his attention."

"Do you think he is near us?"

"It is quite possible, sir, if he is not, at this moment, with his victim, in the house on the lake."

"Ah, so you know that house too?"

"If he is not there, he may be here."

In this wall, in this floor, in this ceiling! . . . Come!"

And the Persian, asking Raoul to lead him down passages which Raoul had never seen before, even at the time when Christine used to take him for walks through that labyrinth.

"If only Darius has come!" said the Persian modestly.

"Who is Darius?"

"Darius? My servant."

They were now in the centre of a real deserted square, an immense apartment block by a small lamp. The Persian stopped Raoul and, in the softest of whispers, asked:

"What did you say to the commissary?"

"I said that Christine Daae's abductor was the Angel of Music, alias the Opera ghost, and that the real name was—"

"Hush! . . . And did he believe you?"

"No."

"He attached no importance to what you said?"

"No."

"He took you for a bit of a madman?"

"Yes."

"So much the better!" sighed the Persian.

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through the door which he had just opened, showed him the actress's room opposite.

They were at the end of the passage the whole length of which Raoul had been accustomed to traverse before knocking at Christine's door.

"How well you know the opera, sir?"

"Not so well as 'he' does!" said the Persian modestly.

And he pushed the young man into Christine's dressing room, which was as Raoul had left it a few minutes before.

Closing the door, the Persian went to a very thin partition that separated the dressing room from a big lumber room next to it. He listened and then coughed loudly.

There was a sound of some one stirring in the lumber room, and a few seconds later, a finger tapped at the door.

"Come in," said the Persian.

A man entered, also wearing an astrakhan cap and dressed in a long overcoat. He bowed and took a richly carved cane from under his coat, put it on the dressing table, bowed once again and went to the door.

"Did not one see you come in, Darius?"

"No, master."

"Let no one see you go out."

The servant glanced down the passage and swiftly disappeared.

The Persian opened the case. It contained a pair of long pants.

"When Christine Daae was carried off, sir, I went word to my servant to bring me these pants. I have had them a long time and they can be relied upon."

"Do you mean to fight a duel?" asked the young man.

"It will certainly be a duel which we shall have to fight," said the other, examining the lining of his pants. "And what a duel! Handling one of the pistols to Raoul, he added, 'In this duel we shall be two to one; but you must be prepared for everything, for we shall be fighting the most terrible adversary that you can imagine. But you love Christine Daae, do you not?'"

"I worship the ground she stands on! But you, sir, who do not love her, tell me why I find you ready to risk your life for her? You must certainly love Erik!"

"No, sir," said the Persian sadly, "I do not hate him. If I hated him he would long ago have ceased doing harm."

"What do you mean?" asked Raoul.

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## "Cheer Up, Cuthbert!"

What's the Use of Being Blue?  
There Is a Lot of Luck Left.

By Clarence L. Cullen

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THE Self-Sympathizer needn't necessarily be doomed to sound Maudlin!

Fiddler is that you never can get a Rebate!

The Surprised Stuff doesn't steal the Testament Man!

We've known several Will-o'-the-Wisp Chasers to strike Pay Rock!

Nobody ever got into Trouble trying to trail Trailing Arbutus!

"Take Your Time" is the Slogan of the Shell!

When the Top-Notcher is Told what "They Say" he just Laughs!

It's a fine thing to Arrive, but the Ship in a Glass-By-Kellogg is Liable to be Lamented!

If you can't be Happy this minute, try the Retrogressive Stuff!

Would